

## A Snowflake in Spring by Rosy\_el

**Series:** [The Sunshine Boy and the Snowflake Girl \[8\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Holly Wheeler, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven & Mike Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2016-10-18

**Updated:** 2016-10-18

**Packaged:** 2022-04-01 21:28:04

**Rating:** Not Rated

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 2

**Words:** 1,694

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](http://archiveofourown.org)

**Summary:**

They chose March 20th as her first birthday.

# 1. A Spring Birth(day)

## Author's Note:

So this is going to be the first half of this section of the series. Don't worry, it doesn't just awkwardly end where this little part leaves off.

February, 1985

They chose March 20<sup>th</sup> as her first birthday.

"It's the first day of spring and El's never seen spring so it's new, like a birth—"

"Yeah, he gets it," Lucas cut Mike off. Mike frowned but turned back to Hopper, the excitement in his eyes bright. It concerned the Chief. As Eleven's adoptive father, (a role he was terrified of but knew he had to take on after the Wheeler's brought her to his doorstep) Jim already felt the paternal sense of protectiveness overtaking him. Especially around Mike Wheeler.

"*They aren't old enough to look at each other like that,*" Jim had remarked to Joyce at the New Year's party Karen Wheeler had hosted at the Wheeler house. The front door was open, frosty air spilling into the house. All four boys and Eleven were in the doorway, cloudy breath floating from their mouths as they laughed. Mike and El each held a sparkler in their fingers, watching and giggling as the light danced around between them. But the glances they stole at each other made Hop anxious.

Joyce smiled knowingly at him. "*Going to show Mike your guns, Jim?*"

That brought a smirk to Jim's mouth. "*I just might.*"

"*Ten! Nine! Eight!*" Karen started, her eye on the kitchen clock and a growing Holly still hanging from her hip. The boys caught on next and then everyone was chanting the numbers eagerly.

"*THREE! TWO! ONE!*" Little paper party horns blew through the air. "*Happy New Year!*"

What Jim didn't see was Mike bite hard on his lip and then grab El by the shoulders, planting a short peck right on her mouth. And damn lucky for Michael Wheeler that he didn't see.

"Anyway," Mike said pointedly at Lucas, "spring is the season of birth so what better time to have a birthday, right?"

The boys had stopped by the station on their way home from school. Hopper sat leaned way back in his office chair, toothpick hanging precariously from his teeth and arms crossed tightly. He suddenly felt guilty not thinking of the birthday thing himself; what kid didn't have a birthday? Jim scratched at the stubble on his beard and then looked at Mike.

Mike swallowed. "We know you've been trying to finish all her paperwork and no one knows what her real birthday is, so we just figured..."

"Huh," Hopper grunted, sitting forward in his chair. "March 20<sup>th</sup> it is, then." Mike expelled a breath he hadn't realized he had been holding in. "That gives us..." he looked over at the calendar that Flo had hung up above some of his filing cabinets. It had a picture of a dandelion on it. "A month to plan a party."

"Wait a minute, 'us'?" Dustin lisped, but only slightly. Two white front teeth were starting to appear, finally. "Who said anything about 'us'?"

Hopper cocked his head to the side and smiled in a menacing sort of way. "Were you under the impression I was going to plan a birthday party for a thirteen-going-on-fourteen-year-old girl?" He let out a low chuckle and shook his head. "You boys sure are funny."

"Okay, okay, we can help with the party, but," Mike spoke with his hands when he was enthusiastic and his hands were all over, "can you get her a bike?"

## 2. A Bike for the Snowflake

### Summary for the Chapter:

“A bike!” A sudden look of disappointment and embarrassment crossed her face. “I can’t ride it.” El looked down, ashamed. “I don’t know how.”

“Hey, it’s okay El! We can teach you how!” Will chirped.

March 20<sup>th</sup>, 1985

A red bandana was tied tight across El’s eyes and she tapped her foot on the kitchen tile in anticipation. She could hear the boys fussing and laughing in the background. “Okay, El,” The voice belonged to Jim, El’s new dad (the word felt funny on her lips and in Hopper’s ears). “You can take the blindfold off now.”

She had torn it off before he had even finished the sentence. El gasped. It was light pink and gleaming and the handlebars were wide and shiny, white plastic strings hanging off the handles.

“A bike!”

“A bike?” Jim had asked, confusion crossing his face at the station. “Why a bike?”

Mike shrugged nervously. “*We always go riding and she doesn’t have one. I think she feels left out and it would be cool for her to have her own instead of having to sit on the back of mine.*” Jim couldn’t argue with that. The more distance between those two, the better.

Eleven ran to the bicycle, eagerly wrapping her leg around the seat like she’d watched Mike and Dustin and Lucas and Will do so smoothly so many times. Her foot caught on the pedal and she wobbled before planting her feet on the ground, a sudden look of disappointment and embarrassment on her face. “I can’t ride it.” El looked down, ashamed. “I don’t know how.”

“Hey, it’s okay El! We can teach you how!” Will chirped, already

grabbing at her elbow. El looked for Mike, who was there in an instant.

“Yeah, let’s go outside,” he smiled at her warmly and all at once El felt safe. She waddled out the door with her legs on either side of the bike, handles firmly gripped in her small palms as she followed the boys outside. El had already opened all her gifts, purple and red and polka-dotted wrapping paper littered the Hopper house’s living room floor.

Lucas gave El a brand new wrist-rocket. (Dustin: “*Why the crap would she need that? She literally has mind control powers!*” Lucas: “*I don’t know! It was the first thing I thought of, okay?*”)

Dustin got Eleven a new tin lunchbox with Jean Grey on the front. (Lucas: “*Okay, that’s actually pretty awesome.*”)

Will drew El an entire comic book of herself saving the boys from a monster that intentionally looked nothing like the Demogorgon. (Lucas: “*Woah! How long did this take you?*” Will: “*Oh, um, not too long, I guess.*” Dustin: “*Okay, why am I eating pudding on like four different pages? You guys blow my snack habits way out of proportion.*”) It had taken Will two weeks of meticulous planning and storyboarding to complete the work. El asked Jim for a scrapbook the next day so she could slip each page of the comic into its own protective sleeve.

Mike had spent days thinking about what he wanted to give her. He had been pooling his allowance for a couple months so money really was no problem. Besides, El wasn’t into jewelry or any of that fancy girly stuff anyway. In the end, he decided to get a basket for her new bike (he hid skittles and sticker sheets and his school picture that El had called “*pretty*” inside, much to Eleven’s delight when she discovered the hidden gifts a few days later). It was wicker and white to match the streamers on her handlebars. The boys had helped Jim choose the new two-wheeler. “*She likes pink,*” Mike had said.

The boys were outside for an hour, arguing over what advice to tell El and whether she needed help steering and if someone should walk beside her.

“Let her just start peddling and go,” Lucas admonished. “That’s how my dad taught me!”

Mike scoffed. “We can’t let her just fall, she could get hurt!”

“Yeah, I think we should take this slow,” Will agreed calmly. “You guys are going to scare her away from even trying if you keep yelling,” he added.

Dustin just rode his bike up and down the street.

Eventually six o’clock hit and each of the boys pedaled home for dinner, in exception to Mike.

He stayed, mind surprisingly far from what Karen might have set out on the dining table. “Okay, El. I’m going to hold your seat and jog with you, alright?” El’s brown eyes were wide and her mouth twitched nervously. Mike grinned. “I’m right here, promise.” The word soothed her enough that she nodded timidly, signaling Mike to start running.

Her feet took a second to catch up to her brain and then she was going, pushing on each pedal—*left, right, left, right. Breathe.* The wind whipped through her bobbed hair and brought a flush to her cheeks. Mike panted at her side, struggling to keep his grip on the bike. He dropped his arms and heaved, hands on his knees. El squealed but kept on, turning gracefully as she reached the cul-de-sac at the end of the road. Mike jumped and pumped his fists in the air, “Yes! Yes! El, you’ve got it!” He beamed, ecstatic. Watching her glide back and forth on that pink bike made Mike finally understand what it meant when the Grinch’s heart grew ten sizes. Mike whooped triumphantly, hands cupped around his mouth.

“Woah, woah, woah,” El’s voice startled him from his celebration. She didn’t know how to brake.

“Oh, *shit*,” Mike spat, too quiet for El to hear. Her bike came right at him and he barely had enough time to throw his hands out and grab the metal handlebars, suddenly running backward to slow the bicycle down. The thing skidded to a chaotic stop. Eleven released a huge breath, shoulders at her ears. The pair stared at each other and then

Mike busted out laughing, tears collecting on his black lashes. "You have telekinetic mind powers and you couldn't stop your bike?" Eleven felt the pull of a grin tug at her lips and smiled in spite of herself.

After a few long moments, Mike collected himself enough to help her off the bike awkwardly. "Nope, oh, yeah step there." She ended up falling on top of him, sending a blast of heat to the boy's cheeks. El smiled and hugged him around his neck while splayed out on the asphalt.

"Thank you, Mike," she whispered into his hair.

Mike grinned softly into El's shoulder. "You're welcome, El. Happy first birthday."

The next time the boys went riding, they swung by El's. "Get your bike, Eleven!" Dustin called from the street. El looked at the garage, where her beloved bike lay against the wall. She shrugged and hopped on the back of Mike's bike instead, wrapping her arms around his waist and laying her head on his shoulder contentedly.

"Not today," she said simply.

Mike had no objections.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Thoughts? Opinions? Do you like it? I hope so.

-Rosy

### **Author's Note:**

Ayyy and El's got a birthday! Pumped about the bike. Keep leaving lovely comments, they make me so happy. Honestly. Thank you!

\*correction as of 10/23/16: I'm a real smart individual and thought the first day of spring was in Feb. rather than March (even though March clearly makes way more sense in my mind so I don't know

what I was thinking) and someone mentioned that in a comment. I almost just let it slide but knew it would drive me insane if I didn't fix it. SO, thank you to the person who called me out. HA. It's corrected now!